

Milton Dec 17. 47.

You know where Milton is by this time, if you don't when my last date Donaldson was. Donaldson is a village west of Pottsville in the Anthracite Coal basin. I was sent to reconnoitre for the Board of Missions, and found a young town of 600 people with neither Church nor School; & wealth and wickedness in abundance. Henry Dand was sent up as an explorer and if he succeeds, he will be licensed in Jan<sup>y</sup>. and sent back as a Commissioned Missionary. His wife and child are on Long Island. The lion cannot roar; the star has gone out; his zeal is a struggle for bread with a hope of doing good by the way; his pride seems broken altogether; his conversation is too selfish & too pious; but nevertheless I trust his troubles have done him real good. — Do you know that Parvin is greatly sought after, but refuses every call, & has just taken his wife to Towanda where his little Church is very fond of him? Towanda is on the N. Br. Susq<sup>a</sup> near the N. Y. line. — Mrs. White has determined upon going to housekeeping in the Spring; she cannot stand her semisolitary life. I wish I could tell you where I shall be through the winter, but I cannot foresee. I must decide between this and the Missionary Church in Spring Garden, before the middle of January. The darkness and sorrow of which I have complained I fear too much in my last, have passed away, and I am diligent and happy. God bless you. Goodnight.

Milton Christmas evening.

You see how well I have learned to imitate your short Epistles, but cannot see how deep I now appreciate their cause. I have devoted six days to hard work; I shall devote this coming hour at least to friendship. Do you hear down there any echos of the angels song, glory to God in the highest & on earth peace to the men of good will? (Vulg.) - today the savior, Christ, the Lord is born. Oh what if all nations knew it and loved it. What a strange earth it would be. Not then, Othello, your occupation would be gone - and mine, - and the hangmans. But how the bells would ring! from the great Tom o' Lincoln, down to the smallest and silliest sleigh bell, or french table bell extant. The cracked grand sire of bells in the vault of the Kremlin would almost swing itself, for the joy of ringing them - th' Lord - I, s' Com - me! th' Lord - I, s' Com - m - m! And we might expect to see the heavens open again and another heavenly host, making the empyrean vibrate with celestial harmonies. David, when one thinks about it, it is not long to wait for scenes like this. They must happen som. Whether we stand on the ground floor, or in the gallery to see, matters little; of the best sight will be got from above no doubt. It will be Easter before my "Merry Christmas & happy New Year" reaches you, but I am not sure that you are not at this moment sending yours to me. I intend to preach a Christmas sermon tomorrow, imitating Tholuck in the morning and rebuking him afternoon; in other words using the festival first & then abusing it; My A.M. is a rhapsody, my P.M. a philippic, one against the Devil & the other against the Pope; in the morning I sing that Christ has come & prove in the evening that Christmas has'nt. Will that do? Do you love

Antitheses?

I don't know exactly what has happened the last two weeks, as I have been buried alive here; cooked up like a hen and fed with limestone to make me lay two eggs a week, and then let out to cackle over them. I can't even read the newspaper. How you can get through two sermons a week with the newspaper on your hands, <sup>not to read, but to write</sup> I do not think prudent to inquire; it is beyond research. I am smitten in my science & think that instead of these rambling lines I should be compelling my brain into some useful channel for you, but I am like an always stung bee & I know you want to know what I am about & this seems my only chance. Do? I do everything. I write & preach & hold meetings, wade through the snow to visit the sick two miles off, chat with the old & kiss the children & go into Boston to the Antislavery Fair beside. Do? — Nothing. For it all melts behind me like snow flakes behind the kitchen wall. I preached two sermons on Maaman's Cleansing last Sunday. They had a report that I was a Unitarian and I was unwittingly led to preach the Divinity of our Lord in the boldest terms; so that was all settled. The other was on Attemperance by Legal Imputation. There is no need — dear Dave — to preach doctrine palidly, dryly, if one's heart loves it; for there are the most multifarious varieties of the interesting and moving in theological truth, which will soon redeem it from wearisomeness or triteness. When the Head sits with the Gospel angle by the twin of life & scarce gets a nibble, the heart draws forth basket-fuls of the richest illustrations.

Donaldson. Nov. 21. 1847

Dear Dave

When you argue, you must write plainer; I declare I can't read your quill tracks. What does Deum and causa spell? and what does guis spell? I'll lay a goose that lays golden eggs, if any of <sup>the</sup> old ones' goings are to be had for love or money, that ~~the~~ these very unintelligible "signs of an idea" hang your whole argument. But it's vain to beg you to write better, for you can't do it; you never could; but the mischief of it is you get worse and worse; and presently I shall have to pay double postage, ~~once~~ for your letter in the original and once for the translation that you'll make you send along with it. (You are studious of Kalkography, not Kalligraphy. One must Kkll as you until you distinguish between Kks & lls; so mind your pps and qqs.

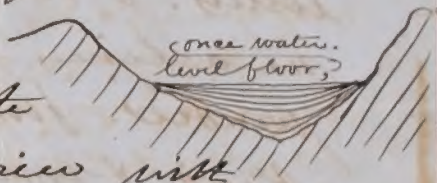
Your argument, as well as I can make it out through the fog of said impracticable shorthand, is a good one, and the subject a serious one. You have doubtless forgotten it before this reaches you, and I am not able to rewrite it, but can perhaps call it up to your memory by the text you chose, the Saviour's quotation of Micah "I will have mercy & not sacrifice". Your argument (there - why can't I spell that word right?) runs parallel with the declaration "without holiness no man can see the Lord" and your assertion that "God desires most the practical piety of soul" is just Paul's; that God has elected us to be holy & without blame before him in love.

Faith is just foremost of because it is the way to the goal, the means for accomplishing the end, the terminus a quo. Begye perfect as you h. f. is perfect! Begye holy as Jamsholy! is the term. ad quem. But don't you see how necessary this makes Assurance to the Christian? Rejoicing in faith, he grows in holiness, because he cannot give his Saviour, or rebel against his Father. We are best drawn by the bands of the powerful cords! the bands of a man; human love made divine.

When I spoke of scratches I meant lines & grooves on the smooth, hard, polished surfaces of granite & the other Durable rocks. Gneiss never shows them; they are <sup>it is not durable,</sup> fine and coarse, as if made <sup>either</sup> by needle points, or by gouges or by points of rocks. The grooves are made by sand & gravel hurried over & round the projecting knobs or points of the solid floor by water; &c. scratches may when parallel prove the agency of icebergs, in the bottom of which stuck the rocky chisels.

Did you see icebergs off the Cape?

Your description of the valleys corresponded with mine of the Jura vales



Mr White will tell you the pleasant result of her interview with the sister of your deceased friend, who will take his two children home to her and has sent out money for that purpose by the Balt. ship. to the Spanish mother. But you will have the pleasant duty of seeing to the embarkation of the little ones, devolve upon you.

Did you expect "great things", when you was, that you are so "weak" now. Many must fall away from a just, curious attendance upon

return to the fold, but in God's good time they will  
return to partake in a true revival, or be  
reabsorbed one by one in swarms of years. —

"Steady!" is the cry of the Captain to the helmsman  
"Steady it is!" is the faint reply.

Miss Watson has never been in Boston, I  
suppose, for you say she thinks Athens before the  
world. I fear she is romantic. I have the most  
Yankee contempt for the ΠΟΔΙΣ ΤΩ ΠΑΛΛΑΔΙ,  
its regeneration & its regenerators.

My time is out, with your welcome  
letters. I wonder you are able to write  
me a line. My thanks tall with my  
pouder. Give my best respects to your  
kind & worthy friends & believe me  
ever truly Yours  
Peter.

Sat. 7. Jan. 1828. May you be as happy all  
this year as I have been for a week or two past. I can  
make a P.S. now of the Deacon's invitation. I have  
promised to stay two weeks longer and if they do not per-  
suade me to return to Ph. before that time, to stay the winter  
two things. They <sup>people here</sup> oppress me with notions of an affection  
too sudden & violent to last. I have no faith in love at  
first sight; it grows hot & cold, soft & hard as sand as  
scaling wax. Adieu — God bless & keep you  
ever & ever —